

THE
HISTORY

OF

Henry the Fifth.

AND THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MUSTAPHA;

Son of SOLTMAN the Magnificent.

As they were Acted at his Highness, the Duke of York's

THEATRE.

Written by

The Right Honourable, the Earl of ORRERY.

LONDON;

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THE
HISTORICAL
OF
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THE GREAT
YOUNG

CONFIDENTIAL

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As they were about to be hanged the Duke of York

LETTERS

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Henry the Fifth.

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THE FIRST ACT.

Enter King Henry the 5th, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford, and Owen Tudor, with Attendants.

King. **T**His is the day in which our Valour must
Prove to the *French*, our claim to *France* is just.
Since 'twill no other way be understood,

It must be writ in Characters of blood:

By injuries they us to Battel call;

Denying us our part, they forfeit all:

'Tis fit in number they should us exceed,

That odds the *French* against the *English* need;

That odds which both obliges them and me,

Brings them to fight, and us to Victory.

Exeter. Heaven left us purposely but few for fight,
To shew the world, by your success, your right.

Bedford. They seem t'acknowledge Heav'n is not their Friend,
Since on their boasted numbers they depend;
Which when their cause is reckon'd, we should prize,
As Heav'n accounts them, for a Sacrifice.

Enter Earl of Warwick.

Exeter. The Earl of *Warwick* in his looks does bring
Some news of high importance to the King.

Warm. Arm! arm! Great Sir, the Foe is in our view,
And has a Herald sent to challenge you.

King. Tell him, I in this Field possess all *France*,
From which I'll ne'r retire, but may advance.

In vain they threaten War, or promise Peace,

They boast their numbers, which we wish not less;

They are enow both to destroy and save;

But were they more, they here might find a Grave.

Take care the Herald so rewarded be,

That he may know his Message pleases me.

Under their Standards, as I order'd you,

Are all my Troops fix'd in the form I drew?

Warm. They are, and, like one face, all looks agree,
Resolving, and foretelling Victory.

King. Who e'r a room to other thoughts affords,
Injures our Quarrel, and mistakes our Swords.

Warm. How short a time, and narrow space of ground,
Is't 'twixt your Conquest, and your being Crown'd?

King. To

King. To make both shorter, I will streight advance,
And by two Titles wear the Crown of *France*.
Uncle, to your Command with speed repair;
The Right Wing, Brother, does expect your care;
Both to the Field of Battel lead the way,
Whilst but a moment I with *Tudor* stay.

[*Exeunt* Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.]

Oh my best Friend! thy sadness I must blame, [*Tudor appears.*
Canst thou now think on any thing but Fame?

Tudor. When I reflect how many dangers still
You must attempt, how many more you will

King. Reflect on dangers which must glory win?

Tudor. Excuse me, if my duty makes me sin:
Since I no other way can grateful prove,
I'll rather shew my fear, than hide my love.

King. That I to thee may proofs of mine dispence,
I now stay here, though Glory calls me hence:
When Fame, when Life, when Empire are at stake,
All thoughts of those for thee I can forsake;
Banish thy grief by thinking on that praise,
Which shall thy name so high in Battel raise,
That all my future favours, men may say
Are not what I bestow, but what I pay.

Tudor. What you have said and done brings me relief;
This day I will deserve your love or grief.

King. Speak not of grief, but think on that applause,
Which Heav'n doth still allow the juster cause.

Tudor. Why should he be by too much courage lost,
Of whom alone this world has cause to boast?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dauphin, and de Chastel:

Dauph. Let me despise what I can ne'r obtain:
I'll live retir'd since I'm deni'd to Reign.
My Mother, having got the Regency,
Does either hate, or is afraid of me;
But I perceive, by my retirement here,
I shun her malice, and suppress her fear;
I shall (if I to *Paris* now return)
Her hatred feel, or, which is worse, her scorn.

De Chast. But shall our *Dauphin*, the undoubted Heir,
Sit idly peaceful in an active War,
And let his Enemy the Throne ascend?

Dauph. He who my wrongs revenges, is my Friend.
De Chastel, you have often heard me plead,
That in this War I might the Army lead;
On me so high a trust she'll not bestow,
And any other trust I think too low:
A Prince whose Soul as well as Birth is great,
If he in glory cannot shine, should set:

From

From Courts I am condemn'd to Villages,
 From noble toils of War t'ignoble ease;
 Where, undisturb'd, I'll for her hatred grieve,
 And Honour makes me rather chuse to live
 Equal with men not worth the Governing,
 Than be at Court, and there not be a King.

De Chast. Though I confess her usage, Sir, has been
 Such as not fits a Mother or a Queen;
 Yet, Sir, consider whilst from her you flie,
 You more exalt the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Dauph. That fatal name my fury doth advance:
 'Twas he who murder'd Royal *Orleance*;
 And though the Queen recover my esteem,
 No Palace can have space for me and him.

De Chast. Return the sooner to revenge that blood.
 No man has well his interest understood,
 Who to enjoy it scrupl'd at the way:
 He who builds high, must low foundations lay.
 I by the Queen for your return am sent,
 Her harsh behaviour she does now repent:
 By kind submissions you may rule her heart,
 And what's deny'd by kindness, gain by Art;
 With small compliance you'll suppress her hate,
 When Nature's Judge, and Duty Advocate.
 Your absence, Sir, has cast your Party down:
 Few follow those on whom the Prince does frown.

Dauph. Thou in all storms hast been my constant Friend,
 I'll on thy wisdom and thy care depend;
 'Tis just I should to thy advice submit,
 For he who makes my Fate, should govern it.

De Chast. With this glad news I will out-ride the Post,
 And ere you come to Court, I'll clear the Coast. [Exit.]

*Enter the Queen of France, Princess Katherine, Princess Anne of
 Burgundy, Duke of Burgundy, and their Train.*

Queen. This is the day *Alanson* sent us word,
 He would our Fate determine by the Sword;
 Which he has hast'ned, hearing by his Spies,
 The Plague had so impair'd our Enemies,
 That more delay would make our Princes dream
 They should not come to kill, but bury them;
 And *France* would be oblig'd for her defence,
 Not to their Swords, but to that Pestilence.

Burgun. Since from th'Eternal Pow'r that Rod is sent,
 Why from his hand take we the punishment?
 And this insulting, Madam, makes me fear
 Our Ruine rather than our Triumph near:
 Those *English* Swords on which he sets no price,
 Lately cut down our *Flower de Luces* twice;

And to King *Edward's* Piety we owe
The Miracle that now again they grow.

Queen. *France* justly might the *English* valour dread,
Were it again by that great Monarch led;
We fear him less that now that Crown does wear,
His wildness, not his courage, brings him here.

Burgun. Whilst his prodigious Father was alive,
Some youthful signs of wildness he did give;
But when he early on his Throne was plac'd,
A Kingly Soul his Royal Title grac'd;
And then what ever mis-becoming thing
Liv'd in the Prince, was burid in the King;
Nought should in us low thoughts of him perswade,
Who does himself subdue, and *France* invade.

Enter a French Lady.

Lady. The Count of *Blamont* from the Camp with news,
Does wait without, and for admittance sues.

Queen. *Blamont* so soon return'd? let him appear.
Ill news is swifter than the wings of fear. { Enter Bla-
His looks to me a sad account have given. mount.
Where is *Alanfon*?

Blam. Madam, he's in Heav'n:
That glory cannot be to him deni'd,
Who for his Countrey liv'd, and for it di'd.

Queen. The brave *Alanfon* dead! by what mischance?

Blam. By the most signal that e'r fell on *France*.

Queen. Without disguise the naked truth declare,
Before my grief be turn'd into despair.

Blam. Last night both Camps so near each other lay,
As we not more for Triumph long'd than day;
The mighty *Martel* led not braver men,
When he at *Tours* subdu'd the *Syracen*,
And with the blood wash'd *France*, then did resort
To the unhappy Fields of *Agen-Court*;
Where many then with joyful shouts did greet
The Rising-Sun, who ne'r should see him set:
A while both Armies on each other gaz'd,
Both at th'intended slaughter seem'd amaz'd.

Queen. Could those who oft have bloody Battels won,
Stand long amaz'd at ill which must be done?

Blam. Wars chearful Musick now fills every ear,
Whilst death more gaudy did than life appear.
For various Ensigns did unfold such Pride,
That all seem'd Bridegrooms there, and death the Bride;
The noble Order in each Squadron seen;
The many Warriors of a haughty meen;
The prouder Horses chafing to be rid,
Who breath'd the Combat as the Riders did;
Made all confess, that War gave Death a Grace,
And has its charms as well as Beauty has,

After

After a little pause, they both advance,
 One to preserve, th'other to conquer *France*;
 Those who did proudly think the Foe would yield,
 Saw him drawn up with Order in the Field;
 And by a King advanc'd, whose hand and head,
 All the defects suppli'd of those he lead.

Queen. How ! did young *Henry* dare to meet you then?
 We heard diseases had consum'd his men.

Blam. The courages of all the *English* dead,
 Were to those few then living newly fled:
 So thin, so harrest all his Squadrons were,
 As we did pity them we us'd to fear;
 For it is equally as strange to say,
 That they durst fight, as that they won the day:
 But Fame can want no Theme when she does sing
 Of *English* Swords led by an *English* King:
 Nor was he onely in the Battel known

By his bright Armour, which like Lightning shone;
 But did with nobler marks his Valour grace,
 Still being seen where foremost danger was.

Alanson, who observ'd this wondrous King,
 Courage to his, and fear to ours did bring;
 Made fighting single with him his high aim,
 And in a Battel to a Duel came.

Queen. By an attempt so noble and sublime,
 He show'd as much as I believ'd of him.

Blam. Both Nations at a sight so great and rare,
 Their bloody Swords suspended in the Air,
 And by a general silence made it known,
 They in their Leaders Fate would see their own:
 But though *Alanson* did stupendious things;
 A Subjects Sword could not resist a Kings;
 Angels are Guardians of that Sacred Name.

Burgun. Yet by his death he got a deathless Fame;

Blam. That loss invaded all to that degree,
 As we more fought for Death than Victory;
 For many Worthies waited on his fall,
 The Constable of *France*, the Admiral,
 The Duke of *Brabant*, and the Duke of *Bar*;
 Promiscuous killing now disgrac'd the War:
 So glutted was the thirsty Victor's Sword,
 As now the spacious world cannot afford,
 After so many *Heroes* drown'd in gore,
 Unless of *English*, one brave Worthy more.

Queen. That Nation still too highly you esteem.

Burg. Our selves we best excuse in praising them.

Blam. Now onely horror, death, confusion reigns;
 And covers *Agon-Courts* unhappy Plains;
 Here Corpses lie, where Squadrons lately stood;
 Standards and Ensigns there lie roll'd in blood;

Here woods of Lances o'r the Fields are spread,
And dying men lie groaning o'r the dead.

Queen. If truth consents to what you now relate,
From this black day *France* may her ruine date.

Blam. This is not all the destiny of *France*;
the Dukes of *Bourbon* and of *Orleanse*,

The Lords of *Domcourt*, *Humiére*, *Harcourt*, *Sals-*
Roy, *Fauconbridge*, *Noel*, and *Beaufault*

And many more of signal worth and race,
The Conquerors Triumphal Chariot grace.

But *Bondile*, who this day first turn'd his back,
In hopes to wash away a stain so black,

Affaulted with a loud and furious cry
Th'unguarded baggage of the Enemy.

The King suppos'd new Troops had took the Field,
And order'd streight all Prisoners to be kill'd:

What *Bondile* thus at first and last did do,
Made *Henry* happy, and yet cruel too;

But 'twas a cruelty our selves did cause,
And which his judgment took from safeties Laws;

For shameful was our Fate, the Prisoners there
Surpass'd in number those the Victors were.

Queen. Could nothing, less than this, Heav'n's wrath abate?
It made us Agents to our own dire Fate.

Burg. The Destinies were never so severe,
The fault, as well as loss, they make us bear;

And by so strange a ruine make us know,
This Empire to one Field her fall may owe.

Were those Renown'd Commanders now alive,
They might the Fortune of lost *France* revive,

And by their Swords restore her dying Fame.

Blam. All those are living which I last did name:
The King did rather hazard a gain'd Field,

Than suffer Chiefs so noble to be kill'd;
And but with half his Army did advance,

Twice in one day to act the Fate of *France*,
Leaving the rest to guard them where they stood.

Burg. His valour sheds, his mercy spares our blood.

Blam. Young *Tudor*, Madam, much renown'd, you know,
To whom all *France* her gratitude does owe;

For he, when all did dangers face decline,
Met it to serve the Princess *Katherine*;

He, 'gainst my will, this hated life did save,
And when he heard those Orders *Henry* gave,

Fearing their rigour might extend to me,
Above my hope, or wish, did set me free;

He told me, as we parted, that he knew,
I had the honour to belong to you. [*Bowing to Prin. Kath.*

Queen. 'Tis Heav'n has stricken us; and when we know
That hand, who dares want patience for the blow?

My Lord, 'tis needful I resolve with speed
Who shall the fatal Constable succeed.

Burg. And counsel needful is how far 'tis fit,
After defeat, to struggle or submit.

Queen. Assemble strait, Heav'n does occasion give
Of mourning, yet allows no time to grieve.

[*Exeunt Queen, Burgundy, Blamont, Lady.*]

Prin. An. Madam, me-thought when *Tudor's* name you heard,
A new Vermillion in your face appear'd;
That word did raise a trouble there as great,
As you discover'd hearing our defeat:
Though these are signs that Love does for him sue,
Yet to our friendship there is so much due,
That from my height of faith I'll not descend,
I'll rather blame my eyes, than doubt my Friend,
And think I saw not that which I did see,
Rather than fear you hide your self from me.

Prin. Kat. Ah, how this soft concernment shews you just!
For what can be too precious for your trust?
I must confess I blush'd when he was nam'd,
But it was scorn, not love, my face inflam'd;
That any but a King, and Crown'd with Bays,
Presum'd so high as me his thoughts to raise;
That secret now shall be to you reveal'd,
Which onely through your absence was conceal'd:
With so much grief I did your absence mourn,
When to your Father's Court you did return,
That the same day I to *St. Germain* went,
To give in that retreat my sorrows vent;
A storm o'r-took us as we thither past,
Rain made the rising Flood to swell so fast,
That of the Bridge it did the mast'ry get,
An Arch was born away, and we with it.

Prin. An. Madam, I heard, that ev'n that sad mischance
Did frighten you, less than it frighten'd *France*.

Prin. Kat. *Tudor*, whom fortune led that way, descri'd,
What many more with vain compassion spi'd;
They at the horror of my danger wept,
He from the Bridge into the River leapt,
And stem'd the raging Current, till he bore
My breathless body to the neighb'ring shore;
Him to the Court this timely service brought,
In whom so many Charms concurring wrought,
As I can scarce without some blushes own,
That I did grieve he sat not on a Throne;
For to a Princess, who like me would do,
He who a Throne does want, wants all things too.

Prin. An. Ah, Madam! Love, if it be strong and true,
Levels the pow'ful down to those that sue;

And, when by inclination we are steer'd,
Onely what that does speak is fully heard;

Prin. Kat. Tudor soon chang'd his cheerful brow at Court;
To unfrequented Groves he did resort;
Whilst others did rejoyce, he sighing mourn'd,
And all his freedom into bondage turn'd:
This new distemper to a habit grew,
His mirth was ever feign'd, his sorrows true:
The cause of this when I desir'd to know,
He made no answer, but did sigh and bow;
By no reply he would his silence break.

Prin. An. In such a silence he did more than speak.

Prin. Kat. Ah! so he did; but yet I must confess,
I knew not Love could speak, yet hold its peace.
I urg'd to be inform'd; he sigh'd, and then
Look'd often on me, and look'd down agen;
Then said, You force me, Madam, to a strait,
To disobey you, or deserve your hate:
One of these evils does engage me now:
Silence the first, speaking the last will do:
But I implore you will not think it fit
To force me untō speech, then punish it.

Prin. An. Against your justice, Madam, 'twas a crime
To punish what you did constrain from him.

Prin. Kat. Then he his passion for me did declare,
With words and gestures, which so mournful were,
As strait I did, by my experience, prove,
That pity was no way to bring in Love:
A hundred things he said, but I was so
Offended with my self, and with him too;
First, that his words I had constrain'd from him,
Then, that he could be guilty of that crime;
As I forgot ev'n all he did relate,
But these few words, which I shall ne'r forget;
Love, of a wondrous birth cannot expire,
Which strangely in the water first took fire.

Prin. An. None, Madam, but a Lover will believe,
That flames in water can their birth receive.

Prin. Kat. 'Tis true, but those bold words which then he spoke,
Did soon my indignation so provoke,
That never any crime can raise it higher;
I bid him instantly from Court retire.
'Twould grieve your patience if I should declare
All that he said, his trespass to repair;
Let it suffice, that after that black night,
I never did admit him to my sight;
Nor will I tell you how he sought relief,
And vainly since hath almost dild with grief.

Prin. An. Did you not give him then some sighs by stealth,
And with his sickly mind a little health?

Prin. Kat.

Prin. Kat. All that 't had been injustice to deny:

Prin. An. Sure that was Love?

Prin. Kat. Oh! no, 'twas charity.

Love is a flame which nothing can controul:
As Souls to Bodies are Love's to the Soul:
A pow'r which does all other powers o'r-turn,
And cannot be conceal'd when it does burn.
Had that been Love, which is mistook by you,
Tudor had seen, and I had felt it too;
But term it what you please, it cannot be,
Whilst I have pow'r to rule it, Love in me.

Prin. An. Love to his height oft by degrees does rise,
Sometime it storms a bosom by surprize;
Love moves not ever in one constant road,
Oft, like a Child, he acts, then like a God;
And by your easie ruling him, you may
Mistake his power, for what is but his play.

Prin. Kat. I doubt you'd have me think I am in Love.

Prin. An. I rather would my fear of it remove.

Prin. Kat. No, though I were, so much I owe my fame,
That to my birth I would resign my flame:

Prin. An. May I, with safety, build on what you say?

Prin. Kat. If my own heart deceive me not, you may.

Prin. An. Then I will tell you something which, perhaps,
If you are cur'd, will hinder your relapse.
When dreadful *Henry* to this War was bent,
The Royal *Bedford* to my Father sent
Offers of Power and Treasure, with design
To make him in this last Invasion joyn:
My Father to his *Burgundy* retir'd,
Having rejected what the Duke desir'd;
But said, Since here unjustly we remain
Anjou, rich *Normandy*, and *Aquitane*,
He would, if rendring these might Peace advance,
Perswade in *England*, and prevail in *France*.

Prin. Kat. We then have done th' injurious *Henry* wrong:
Do all these Provinces to him belong?

Prin. An. *France* can no other Title there pretend,
But what, Force having got, Arms must defend.

Prin. Kat. My grief for our defeat shall then grow less;
Since we want justice, we should want success.

Prin. An. But since to me your secrets you declare,
'Tis equal you in mine should have a share.
Ah, Madam! do not wonder if my heart,
Which was entirely yours when we did part,
Is from that high and blest condition flown,
I, blushing, say, 'tis now no more my own.
The Duke of *Bedford*, by the noblest force,
That e'r subdu'd a heart into remorse,

Did with such joynt success act his design,
That I took his, and then resign'd him mine.

Prin. Kat. Dear Princess, I shall now admire no more
What you have mention'd of Love's art and pow'r;
Nor that so high in that discourse you went,
Since you but spoke your own experiment.

Prin. An. If, Madam, you had present been to see
The softness of those Charms which conquer'd me,
You'd wonder more that long I held the field,
Than that at last I willingly did yield.

Prin. Kat. The English Archers may victorious grow,
Where Love begins the conquest with his bow.

Prin. An. After we had this sacred friendship made,
He told me, though his Brother would invade
This Kingdom, to regain what was his due,
Yet the chief conquest he design'd, was you;
He told me too, though *England* still affords
Beauties resistless as the English Swords,
Yet none of them prevail'd, though ne'r so bright,
Like your victorious Picture at first sight.

Then he implor'd, that when to you I came,
I would prepare you to receive his flame;
A flame which all things else must needs out-do,
Since by him cherish'd, and inspir'd by you:
This Madam, was the cause why I have prest
To find if e'r your heart were pre-possess'd;
Let *France*, by you, be freed from her distress:
This happy union will procure her peace.

Prin. Kat. If me he lov'd, her blood he then would spare;
Love's gentle voice is never heard in War.

Prin. An. Yet, like a King, to you he does pretend;
Glory he makes his way, and Love his end.

Prin. Kat. Where blood does cry, can I a Lover hear?

Prin. An. When glory pleads, what then can stop your ear?

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Council is assembled now,
And, ere it sits, the Queen would speak with you.

Prin. Kat. I come: too long by Love we have been staid;
I will consider all that you have said.

Prin. An. Madam, be pleas'd to think upon it so,
That *France* to you may her redemption owe.

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter the King, Duke of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, Earl of Warwick, and Tudor.

King. MY Lord of *Warwick*, you may give to all
The *French* of Note the Rites of Funeral;
It is a Debt which to the Dead we pay,
Rewarding Courage ev'n in those we slay.

War. It shall be done.

King. Brother, it will be fit
The Pris'ners you to stronger Guards commit;
They shall a Court within our Army see,
And in it nothing want but liberty.

Bed. They shall be safe, yet have some freedom too.

King. Uncle, the great Request I make to you,
Is to preserve our wounded Men with care;
'Tis by their Courage we victorious are.

Exeter. They shall be serv'd with all they can desire;
We must that Valor serve which you admire.

[*Exeunt* Exeter, Bedford, Warwick.]

Tudor. Though this great day, th' expecting World may see
Your Title both to *France* and Victory;
And though no Conqueror alive, or dead,
With nobler Wreaths did ever crown his head;
Yet pardon me if I presume to say,
I see a sadness misbecomes this day;
This day, in which your Friends and Foes confess,
Nothing can make you greater, nothing less;
So fixt are Fortunes Wheels they cannot turn,
Then, Sir, permit only the *French* to mourn;
The loss of *York* and *Suffolk*, though too great,
Should not outweigh your Enemies defeat:
If, Sir, your Wars cost not some Lives, like these,
You would not Conquests make, but Miracles.
Who in his Princes service finds a Grave,
Rather our envy than our grief should have,
And fighting in your fight, who for you dies,
Is blest enough without such Obsequies:
If to their death such envi'd Grief you give,
You'll make us then repent that we do live:
Sir, for the Living's sake your Grief decline,
And let your Looks clear as your Glories shine.

King. So great a loss as is above Relief,
Even on this day might justify my Grief:
He who of friendship knows the sacred ties,
Will value more his Friends than Victories;

But that just sorrow, which thou would'st remove,
Is not a Tribute paid to Death, but Love;
If Fame, or Power, only in me did sway,
I could not have been seen in Clouds to day;
'Tis Love's fierce Fire which does my heart devour;
Less to be quench'd than heats of Fame or Power.

Tudor. She must do more than Woman e're could do,
Resisting such a King and Conqueror too;
You, though her eyes should brightest beams emit,
May safe in shades under your Laurels sit.

King. My Laurels might a safe refreshment prove
To any other heat but that of Love;
Their sacred force 'gainst Thunder only lies,
Not against lightning shot from conqu'ring eyes;
Whole pow'r, like that of lightning, I have felt;
My breast they wound not, yet my heart they melt.

Tudor. May I not know who does my King subdue?

King. Saying I love, I need not tell thee who:
Who of the Planets speaks of brightest beams,
Need not say after, 'tis the Sun he means.

Tudor. The Sun by all is mention'd at one rate,
But Fancy alters Beauties estimate;
Were it not Fancy which that value gave,
All Lovers then would but one Mistress have.

King. Such adoration Fancy cannot raise,
As to this Beauty sight and reason pays;
For he whose heart Love can to ashes turn,
Must feel her eyes alone have right to burn:
But that this ignorance thou may'st decline,
Know I adore the Princess *Katharine*:
Loves Rebels by her eyes are kept in awe,
She Reigns in *France* spight of the *Salique* Law.

Tudor. Will not Loves heat make Glories flame expire?

King. No, *Tudor*, it will rather raise it higher;
For none should aim at this exalted state,
Who makes not Glory first his Advocate.
This was the cause, when *Charles*, her Father, sent
Embassadors, my Conquest to prevent;
And this bright Beauty offer'd for my Bride,
But with her, as her Dowry, *France* deny'd;
I shun'd the Match, knowing her Beauties were
No price for Peace, but the reward of War;
My vows and passion she might justly scorn,
Did I not Crown her Queen where she was born;
And raise her boundless Beauties to supply
What a rude Law does to her Sex deny.

Tudor. Perhaps your flame had with more lustre shone,
Had you for it declin'd the *Gallick* Throne:
For Love of her to quit in *France* your Right,
Is more than 'tis to Conquer it in Fight;

Nor can you hope her passions flame to raise,
When with her Countries blood you stain your Bayes.

King. Dear *Tudor*, I perceive because thou art
A Subject, thou mistak'st a Monarchs heart.
Those, who from Royal veins derive their blood,
Find only in a Throne what's great and good;
Sure Nature in her would much rather see
Her Son than Brother rule this Monarchy.

Tudor. A Love like this was never known before,
The Father you'll depose, the Child adore.
Your Love will be in proofs of hatred shown;
You on her Countries ruines build her Throne;
This strange design, Sir, does my wonder raise.

King. A Love like mine moves not in common ways:
Such unexempl'd things I'll strive to do,
That when I reach to what I now pursue,
When Men name one who lov'd to a degree
Ne're known before, they'll say he lov'd like me.
Prepare thy self to go within an hour
To the *French* Court as my Ambassador;
And let them know if they resign up *France*,
(Mine both by Conquest and Inheritance)
They shun such force as cannot be withstood,
They shew their justice, and they spare their blood.
Success now asks but what I ask'd before.

Tudor. He that at first ask'd all can ask no more:
Much is not in the proffer I shall make.

King. Yes, it is much to ask what I can take,
And to accept from them that Crown which I
Have giv'n me from the hand of Victory:

Tudor, in this they cannot but confess,
I make my mercy hinder my success.

Tudor. It might be then convenient that I try'd
T'obtain with *France* the Princess for your Bride:
Since you as well for her, as *France* contend,
Without her you'll not reach your noblest end.

King. She justly, *Tudor*, might my passion hate,
If Love's high int'rest I should mix with state.
If I this great concern by Treaty move,
'Twill be below her Beauty and my Love.
That blessing must in nobler ways be sought:
Though Heav'n may be bestow'd, 'tis never bought.
But that which chiefly makes me send thee now
Is that my Friend should let my Princess know
My flames are such as Martyr'd Saints sustain;
The glory of them takes away the pain.

Tudor. Was ever such a Curse impos'd by Fate?
His favor wounds much deeper than his hate.
I must unworthy or else wretched prove,
Be false to Honour, or else false to Love:

[*Exeunt.*]

To which of both shall I precedence give?
 I'm kill'd by this, by that unfit to live;
 But stay! why should not I, even I alone,
 Raise Love and Honour to a height unknown?
 If, for his sake, my passion I forego,
 In that great Act I pay him all I owe:
 Who for his King against his Love does act,
 Pays Debts much greater than he can contract.
 Nor are these all th' advantages will flow
 From that great action I intend to do.
 If I her right above my Love prefer
 In that, by losing, I shall merit her.
 And to obtain, nor merit her, will prove
 Less than to lose her, and deserve her Love.
 'Tis worthy of my flame, and of her eyes,
 To make Love be to Love a Sacrifice. [Exeunt.

*Enter Queen, Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of
 Charalloys, and Count de Chastel.*

Queen. The fatal cause why we assemble now
 We by the worst of sad experience know.
 Heav'n does, at once, on this our Empire shower
 All the fierce marks of anger and of power.
 The King, my Lord, whose head, and heart, and hand,
 Should be employ'd our ruine to withstand,
 Under his old disease still worser grows;
 Yields to his pain, as *France* does to his Foes:
 Yet is he not unhappy in that state
 Which makes him not to feel the wounds of Fate.
 The *Dauphin*, whose green Years make him unfit
 In such a storm at Empires helm to sit,
 Yet for that great and dangerous place does press;
 And, missing it, forsakes us in distress.
 As these two miseries assault us here,
 So the *English* late success fills all with fear.
 Yet, *France*, surviving such destructive blows,
 Ev'n in her ruine still her greatness shows.
 By your wife help she hopes yet to be freed;
 And on your breasts she leans her weary head.
 Shall we again by Battel try our Fate,
 Or with the *English* King capitulate?

Const. Our shoulders but attend for heavier weight,
 If in the Field we shun to try our Fate.
 For doubtless, Madam, he less virtue shows
 Who yields to, than who falls by Fortunes blows.
 Rome, though she lost four Fields to *Hannibal*,
 Her Valor rais'd ev'n in her Fortunes fall,
 Her steady virtue did all storms suppress,
 And made her Empress of the Universe:

I would

I would not doubt but we at length should find
A *Roman* Fate, had we a *Roman* Mind.

De Chast. Those who too hastily with Victors treat,
Make them too proud who were before too great.
Such condescension would to fear dispose
Your Subjects hearts, and elevate your Foes.
Let not Posterity have cause to say,
That you lost *France*, and lost her in one day.

Const. The chance of Arms are still alternative;
Fortune one day does take, next day does give:
And all the *English* fame will be o'erthrown,
If we of twenty Fields can win but one.
All thoughts of Treaties, Madam, then despise,
Which but excuses fear whilst we seem wise.

Burg. Madam, what the great *Constable* does say,
Becomes that place you rais'd him to this day:
He, who the head of all your Armies is,
Safe Counsels should obey but not advise.
If to my judgment you will please to trust,
Choose not what great appears, but what is just.
Madam, it is alone by Arms you reign
O're *Anjou*, *Normandy*, and *Aquitane*.

Those three, the noblest Provinces of *France*,
Are th' *English* King's confest Inheritance.
Whatever of Prescription Gownmen write,
Yet length of time changes not wrong to right:
Why should you not, ere things are desperate grown,
By giving what is his, preserve your own?
Keeping those Countries will at last be found
A Gangreen; the corrupt will eat the sound.

Ear. of Char. Justice is more than but an empty word:
Therefore, whilst that assists the *English* Sword,
Success will always to their side resort;
And every Field will be an *Agon-Court*.

Burg. Can Councils prosperous be, or Armies strong,
Both aiming to perpetuate a wrong?
If after this fair offer he pursue
The War, our Swords will act what his does now.
If he accepts it (as no doubt he must)
You will be safe, as soon as you are just.
Pursue the Acts of Justice; those alone
Have pow'r to save, and to exalt a Throne.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Young *Tudor* is arriv'd, and craves to be
With speed admitted to your Majesty.
By those few words which have between us past,
I find his Message does require some haste.

Queen. Know you what 'tis which does him hither bring?

Blam. Some overtures of Peace from th' *English* King.

[*Blamont whispers in the Queen's ear.*

E

Queen.

Queen. Yes, I consent; and give her notice I
Expect she should receive him civilly. [Exit] Blamour:
My Lords, I find your judgments various are;
Two are for Treaty, th'other two for War.
Such reasons you for both Opinions give,
That I, with reason, either may receive.
But *Tudor* being come, does surely bring
Something important from the *English King*.
'Tis fit our resolution we defer,
Till I his business in his message hear. [Exeunt.]

Enter Princess Katherine, and Blamour.

Blam. Madam, what I have said, the *Queen* will own.

Prin. Kat. What? that with *Tudor* I should speak alone?

Blam. He for that Honour, Madam, now does stay.

Prin. Kat. Since by the *Queen* commanded, I obey.

[Exit Blamour.]

Enter Tudor.

Tudor. Though, Madam, this high Honour does excell
What deeds can merit, or what words can tell,
It shall no cause of new presumption be;
I'll not repeat what you condemn'd in me.
I then presum'd to tell you of a Fire
Your eyes did in a Subjects heart inspire;
But, Madam, now th' assurance which I bring,
Is that your Beauties have subdu'd a King;
A King renown'd by all the voice of Fame;
The least he has of Monarch is the Name:
He only Love and Glory does pursue;
Which makes him conquer *France*, and yield to you.
And by the unhappiest of his Subjects says,
He at your feet his Heart and Laurel lays.
Judge what his Virtues are, and what my Fate,
Which makes his Rival turn his Advocate.

Prin. Kat. *Tudor*, what first you spoke made me not fear
That Rival was a word I e're should hear.
For you in that repeat the past offence,
Which made me lately banish you from hence.
If, by his worth, your King claims my esteem,
Why grieve you that you plead to gain it him?

Tudor. Ah, Madam, may I not your pardon crave,
For grieving when I part from all I have?
A Father, when he sees his onely Son
Condemn'd to death for what he cou'd not shun,
(Though to the right of justice he submit)
May well be pardon'd if he mourns for it.
By double Dictates, Madam, I am led;
My loss makes me lament, my justice plead.

But

But all my sorrows soon will lose their name,
If you raise him for whom I ruin'd am.
A Prince who only does, as his just due,
Deserve to love you, and be lov'd by you.

Prin. Kat. Has yet the Queen ought of this business known?

Tudor. I had but leave to wait on you alone.

Those common paths of Kings mine will not tread,
To see by Picture, and by Proxy wed?
He'll make his Court at an unusual rate;
His is a love of liking, not of state.
And sayes, he does not for a Mistress sue
To France, but humbly begs your self of you.

Prin. Kat. I but by Picture did to him appear.

Tudor. Yes, he hath seen you in my character.

'Tis far above the labor'd art of Man,
To draw a Mistress as a Lover can.
Your Picture took his sight; but you will find
My words alone did captivate his mind.
Though you may think the Pencil's power is great;
It aims to paint a fire, but not a heat;
Much less a heat which does from Love arise,
And which is kindled by his Mistress eyes.
The Pencil to my words resign'd the place;
Those drew your Soul, that painted but your face.
Madam, 'twas I who told him how your mind
With greater lustre than your Beauty shin'd:
That from the Charms of your discourse and shape,
Men could no more than from your eyes escape.
And I may justly, Madam, be afraid
He saw in me, you acted all I said;
And to revenge that which you call'd a Crime,
I on this Embassie am sent by him.

Prin. Kat. *Tudor*, into a new relapse you fall;
You seem'd to mourn at your Loves Funeral:
And I on that assurance pardon'd you.

Tudor. I told you what was then, not what is now.
If other words have wander'd in my talk,
The Ghost then of my murder'd Love did walk;
And like a Ghost to none it shall appear,
But before you who are the Murderer.

Prin. Kat. If you'll to my esteem your self restore,
Let me, by it, be visited no more.

Tudor. Madam, I'll strive t' obey you from this hour.
But, since the dead have o'er their Ghosts no power,
If mine again the trespass should commit,
My last request is that you'll pardon it;
And to so sad a love some sorrow give,
Which troubles you when dead, as when alive.
But for my King I must my suit renew;
And beg to know what I must say from you:

It to accept his Passion you incline,
 You'll make his happiness your own and mine;
 Since you deny what for my self I move,
 Let me, against my self, successful prove.

Prin. Kat. You may acquaint the King, all you have said,
 Have in my thoughts a fit Impression made:
 That I (as all who have but heard his name)
 Believe his merit has acquir'd his Fame;
 Though I with Passion wish that he had chose
 To raise his Glory on remoter Foes.

I never more can his Address receive,
 Till from the Queen he has procur'd me leave.

Tudor. Why do you, Madam, words so cruel speak?
 Make him not for you to another seek;
 Since, in that way, should he successful prove,
 'Twill rather shew you can obey than love.
 Only to you let him his blessings own.

Prin. Kat. I have declar'd my resolution.

Tudor. To what then must the wretched *Tudor* trust?

Prin. Kat. To find his cure in what he grants is just.

Tudor. How can that heal him which does make his wound?

Yet to obey you, Madam, he is bound.
 But if hereafter you should chance to hear
 Some dying sighs which may offend your ears;
 Forc'd from him by the fiercest Grievs assault,
 Be pleas'd to pity, nor condemn the fault. [Exit *Tudor*.]

Prin. Kat. Oh why is Love call'd Natures highest Law,
 When Title, Mans invention, does it awe?
 But 'tis the strength which Reason does impart,
 That makes my blood give Rules thus to my heart,
 If Nature Reason on us did bestow,
 Love, Natures dictate, 'twould not overthrow.
 But Reason is a bright resistless Fire,
 Which Heav'n, not Nature, does in us inspire.
 It is not Natures Child, but Natures King;
 And o'er Loves height does us to Glory bring,
 As Bodies are below, and Souls above,
 So much should Reason be prefer'd to Love:
 Since Glory is the Souls most proper Sphere,
 It does but wander when it moves not there.
 This makes that King, who courts me, France subdue;
 And makes me flie what else I would pursue. [Exeunt.]

THE

THE THIRD ACT.

Enter King Henry, Tudor.

Tudor. **W**Hat I have said shews all that I have done;
The Daughter by the Mother must be won.
Those, Sir, who serving Heav'n, to Heaven pretend,
By others mediation reach that end.

King. That Obligation, *Tudor*, I'll decline,
She shall be all her own that must be mine.
'Tis for her Glory she her self should give
The greatest Gift that I can e're receive.
If from her Will I differ, can she hate
My being for her int'rest obstinate? [*Tudor offers to speak.*
Go! what I told thee, *Tudor*, must be done:
He ne're meets Honour who does Danger shun.

Tudor. A Subject must not with his King contend.

King. My Subject? Thou art more; Thou art my Friend!
Make haste! for I will only stay behind,
Till I have Orders for the Treaty sign'd. [*Ex. several ways.*

Enter Duke of Burgundy, and Charaloys.

Burg. No, Son, the Treaty must not so proceed,
Lest of my help the Queen should have no need:
That envy'd Pow'r which makes me useful here,
Is the effect not of her Love but Fear;
Whil'st things continue in their present state,
I can dispose of *France* and *England's* Fate.
The greatest skill that I would wish from Heaven,
Is in a War to keep the Scale so even,
As neither Party ever may prevail
But by his help whose hand does hold the Scale.
Whil'st these two mighty Kingdoms disagree,
I keep in safety my own *Burgundie*.

Char. Have you forgot that Vow, Sir, which you made
To th' *English* King when *France* he did invade?
That Vow is to your Honour still a Debt.

Burg. A Statesman all but int'rest may forget,
And only ought in his own strength to trust:
'Tis not a Statesman virtue to be just.

Char. Those words which lately you in Council said,
Have on my breast a deep impression made.
You urg'd that Acts of Justice are alone
What can preserve or must exalt a Throne.
Is your own counsel by your self despis'd?

Burg. I then for others, not my self, advis'd.
Reason should still appoint us what to do.

F

Char.

Char. You'll find that Reason has Religion too,
Which is by interchange of justice shown,
Doing to all what to your self is done.

Burg. You measure Reason with a crooked Line.

Char. High Reason to Religion does incline.

Burg. I, Son, Reason of Cloysters, not of State :
Pow'r seldom is Religious to that height,
Religion too not Reason is, but Faith.

Char. I fear, Sir, if such dang'rous wayes you choöse,
Instead of ruling both, you both will lose.

Enrg. A harder Game than this I twice have play'd;
And though, by Fortune, I was still betray'd;
Yet still to greater Pow'r I reach'd at length:

Anteus-like, by falling, I got strength;
Besides, *de Chastel*, by much art and pain,
Has brought the *Dauphin* back to Court again;
Who offers, if I'll urge the Queen for War,
We equally betwixt us two shall share

All Armies and all Governments in France;
And he'll forget the death of *Orleance*.

Char. O Sir, from such an offer'd friendship fly;
What only int'rest ties it will untie.

And I presume though you restor'd him France,
He'll ne'r forget the death of *Orleance*.

I wish Heav'n sooner may forgive it you.

Burg. Alas young man, if you but truly knew
What pow'ful Charms on sweet Revenge do wait,
You would have acted what you think you hate.

Char. Beware, Sir, I beseech you then in time,
Lest his Revenge may seem as sweet to him.

Burg. These tender thoughts are graceful in a Son;
I have your int'rest, you, your duty shown;
I'll hear their offers, though I them refuse:
When all is offer'd I the best will chuse.

Enter Dauphin, De Chastel

De Chast. Sir, I believe you now no longer fear
That on vain hopes I beg'd your presence here;
The Queen, while you retir'd, had by her Arts
So rob'd you of your future Subjects hearts,
That 'twas your presence only could restore

Them to that duty which they owe to Power;
Sir, Fortune too begins to pay her debts;
For the *Burgundian* with your Servant treats;

And such an ear to my discourse he lent,
As makes me more than hope a good event;

And, as a proof, he lik'd what I did speak;
He vow'd he would the *English Treaty* break;

Nor is this all; the Countess of *La Mar*
(To whom your Sister grows particular)

I have

I have entirely wrought to favour you :
 She told me, and th' Intelligence is new,
 That *Blount* from the Queen has gain'd free leave
 Your Sister shall a single Audience give
 To one whom *Henry* sent with privacy.

Dauph. His Love for her will fatal be to me,
 Unless th' effects of it I soon prevent.

De Chast. I therefore have obtain'd *La Marr's* consent
 That you, conceal'd, shall in that room remain
 Where she this Messenger will entertain.
 By that concealment you may clearly know
 The roots of their designs, and how they grow.

Dauph. Heav'n for my Mother's faults makes me amends,
 In sending me a Friend who gets me Friends.
 I fear'd my Sisters pride, my Mothers hate,
 The *English* Kings great Love, and greater Fate,
 Help'd by the subtle head of *Burgundy*,
 Might by a fatal Marriage ruine me.
 But this permission thou for me hast got,
 May teach me both to know and break the Plot.
 When does this Love-Embassador appear?

De Chast. They every moment, Sir, expect him here.

Dauph. Then it is fit I instantly repair
 To that Concealment promis'd by *La Marr*. [Exit,

Enter Queen, and Great Constable.

Queen. Yes, I have seen the *Dauphin*, but methought
 Though he has humbler Gestures with him brought,
 Shaping his looks to what he gently said,
 Yet old resentments clearly he betray'd.
 But yet, perhaps, those Charms which Courts attend,
 May to some mildness his fierce nature bend.
 I will apply all that is taught by Art,
 Or wiser Nature to reclaim his heart.
 'Tis fit you know, ere you begin to treat,
 The King of *England's* passion is so great
 For my unmarried Daughter, that I hear
 He'll quit all he does claim, to marry her.
 That this is true the Duke does undertake;
 And you great use may of that passion make.

Const. Madam! 'tis strange, for she was then as fair
 When offer'd to him to prevent a War.

Queen. He that by Rules can judge a Lovers heart,
 Has brought into the World an unknown Art.

But, having heard me, you must now be gone :
 Should the Duke know we two had been alone,
 (You having both ta'en solemn leave of me)
 It might in him create a jealousy. [Exit.

Enter

Enter Princess Katherine, and King Henry incognito.

King. Madam, when first my King from *Tudor* heard
That you your person the Queen refer'd,
He sent me hither humbly to desire
You'd to your eyes be just and to his fire;
And would believe this right to both is due,
That he his Fate should only learn from you.
He'll but from you receive his destiny,
Whether you'll make him live, or have him dye.

Prin. Kat. That answer, which by *Tudor* you have known,
Is, Sir, my final resolution.

Nothing can e're persuade me to forsake
Results which duty and my reason make.

King. Let him not be a double Sacrifice;
You kill'd him with your words, and with your eyes.
Heav'n meant that Beauty, Nature's greatest force,
Having exceeding pow'r, should have remorse.
Valor, and it, the World should so enjoy,
As both might overcome, but not destroy.

Prin. Kat. He who in Fight has all the *French* o'rethrown,
Cannot be kill'd by words spoke but by one.

King. Yet he who has in *France* a Conqu'ring pow'r,
With joy does own you as his Conqueror.
And that you may not doubt that this is true,
He is in person come to tell it you!

[*The King takes off his Disguise.*

I was Loves Heretick till you I saw,
In that which *Tudor* said, and Art did draw;
Now, like an Heretick, I treated am
By Love, who has condemn'd me to the flame.
Your Picture to resist I wanted skill;
T' oppose th' Original I want the Will:
Believe what of my self is told by me.

Prin. Kat. The King of *England*! sure it cannot be!

King. Madam! by doubting add not to this pain;
You cannot but know him in whom you reign.

Prin. Kat. Since he 'twixt *France* and all her safety stands,
How dares he trust his person in her hands?

King. He who adores you, and dares tell you so,
What is there after which he dares not do?

Prin. Kat. To what a strait, Sir, have you brought me to?
I must be false to *France*, or false to you.

[*The Dauphin discovers himself.*

Dauph. I will enlarge you though you wicked grow,
In calling that a strait which was not so:
For she who doubts if evil she should act,
Does, in that very doubt, a guilt contract.
No wonder now that *France* is faln so low,
The daughter of it treating thus our Foe.

Prin.

Prin. Kat. Brother ! I nothing of his coming knew ;
His being here surpriz'd me more than you.

Dauph. Sister, when he reveal'd himself, your eyes
Shew'd greater signs of liking than surprize :
And, to convince me clearly of your crime,
" You doubted if you should discover him.

King. I shall want patience to attend this storm !

Prin. Kat. The onely fault you should in me reform,
Is that I doubted whether I should do
As it became the Sister, Sir, of you.
But to the King, Heav'n will this truth aver,
I ne'r would have reveal'd his being here.
My Father's virtue to the world is known ;
Who to my falshood would not owe his Throne.
If acts of Treachery he does not hate,
What he now suffers, he deserves from Fate.
Since, by fair War, *France* now assaulted is,
Let her sink lower, or by Virtue rise.
To abject deeds I'll never condescend,
Nor make the means unworthy of the end.

King. Virtue a higher pitch did never rise ;
It has a lustre which out-shines her Eyes.
Madam, in saying what you pleas'd to say,
You broke that silence my respects did pay :
And now, Sir, something I shall let you see,
To make you grant you injur'd her and me.

Dauph. Have you a Pass-port then for coming here ?

King. This is my Pass-port to go every where, { *Pointing to*
Who e'r a Pass-port such as this can show, } *this Sword.*
Will find all places safe, or make 'em so.
And, Sir, it is by this that you must swear,
Not to reveal what you discover'd here :
This must be sworn, and sworn without a pause.

Dauph. You should subdue me ere you give me Laws,
Yet I will swear ; but 'tis, that to this chance
I owe the pow'r to pay my debts to *France*.
Debts, which so weighty were, as I did bow
More under them, than *France* does under you.
Those debts which by a cruel Mother's sway,
Till now I to my birth could never pay.
Fortune ! and Sister ! here I pardon you,
For all you did, and all that you would do !
Since through her Blindness, and your Treachery,
Myself I single in condition see
To make our *France* such a revenge receive,
As all her Swords in Battel could not give.
I onely grieve, one false to *France* and me,
Should of that justice th'onely witness be :
But yet that cause of grief should disappear,
Since seeing of your death will punish her.

King. Oh could I justly think my self so blest,
That what relates to me could touch her breast,
Though I should perish in this present strife,
My death would be more happy than my life.
But since no service I have paid her yet,
Can make me hope a happiness so great,
I'll strive to merit that which you but fear,
By now revenging what you said to her! —
But yet, we should not fight, she being by.

Dauph. That is the reason why you here must die.

[*Draws his sword,*

King. Then, Madam, you'll forgive me, if I now

[*King draws,*

Defend that life which does belong to you —

Prin. Kat. Oh Heavens! whom shall I call? perhaps I may,
Saving my Brother's life, the King's betray.

[*Exit, and enters again with La Marr.*

You broke your trust. Think on the King's high worth.

La Marr. Blamont's without, and stays to lead him forth!

[*King closes with him, and disarms him.*

Prin. Kat. Go open strait the Garden Gallery,
Keep for the King's escape the passage free —
First for my Brother in the Lobby stay —

La Marr. When he is gone, I'll shut it with this key. [*Ex. La. Ma.*

Prin. Kat. My Brother is dis-arm'd! what shall I do?

King. Your life, young Prince, is at my mercy now.

Prin. Kat. Sir, for my Brother's life let me implore;
Nature speaks now, as Honour did before!

King. To your pleasure ever will submit —

'Tis to your blood you owe my sparing it —

Your life I give you at the Princess word;
And, for her sake, I here restore your Sword.

But, Sir, remember, y'are oblig'd by me
No more t'invade your Sister's privacy;
Nor practise to obstruct that passions way,
Which is a debt so due as I must pay.

These not observing, my revenge shall prove
As strong to you, as she shall find my Love.
But if in both, your courtesie be shown,
What here has past shall vanish as unknown.

Dauph. Your Fortune, Sir, is great o'er France and me;
Great is your promise too of secrecy.

But if I can my self with silence please,

You may thank that, and not your Menaces. [*Exit Dauphin.*

Prin. Kat. I'll follow him t'observe which way he takes,
Whilst, for the King, she th'other passage makes.

Sir, you shall stay awhile, I'll strait return!

[*Exit.*

King. Oh Heavens! why have I given her cause to mourn?
Blamont, whose conduct did me hither bring,
Will surely with a Friend, and with a King,

His promise keep ; which was to see me out.
 I cannot his unblemish'd honour doubt.
 But I will stay to speak with her, though all
 The World were to be buri'd in my fall.

Enter Princess.

Madam, can you the cause in me forgive,
 Which gave you terrors here, and make you grieve ?
 When you he injures not, much more than me,
 Your presence will his Sanctuary be.

Prin. Kat. I will forgive you, Sir, all terrors here,
 If by your quick return you'll end my fear,
 To all your longer stay Alarms will give ;
 My Brother's Nature is vindictive :
 I fear from his revenge all that is ill,
 Here, where he wants no pow'r to act his will.

King. A greater ruine, Madam, I foresee,
 Than he though in this place, can cast on me ;
 If I from hence should to my Camp remove,
 Before I know how you receive my love.

Prin. Kat. The first day, Sir, you'll think it were unfit
 I should do more than onely know of it.
 Nor have you any reason to despair,
 When for your safety I express my care.

King. Virtue may make you be my safeties friend ;
 But to what's dearer to me I pretend.
 My safety lies not in my going hence,
 But in that blessing you may here dispence ;
 I would not safety without that enjoy,
 And with it nought my safety can destroy.

Prin. Kat. I will say any thing you'll have me say,
 Rather than keep you here in ruine's way.
 But yet, that what I speak may not appear
 To be the dictates onely of my fear,
 If you were gone, I'll to my self confess,
 Such virtue and respect you did express,
 That what I thought an Age had not the power
 To act in me, you acted in one hour.
 Now, Sir, you should retire, and give a Maid
 The ease to blush alone for what she said.

King. Madam, I go : but go so charm'd from hence,
 Both by your eyes, and virtuous influence,
 That 'tis impossible for me to know
 To which I most of Adoration owe.
 But if the humblest duty, highest fire,
 Which man e'r shew'd, or love did e'r inspire,
 Can be oblations fitting to be paid,
 You'll ne'r need blush for what you now have said.

Enter

Enter La Marr,

La Marr. Sir, *Blamount* stays for you. This is your way !

Prin. Kat. She is your Guide, take heed, Sir, of delay !

[*Exeunt La Marr, King,*

Who can or Love or Reasons Pow'r exprefs ?

One oft do more than th'other, often less.

Reason makes me a Subjects passion flie ;

Love o'r a King gains such a victory,

As makes him venture life, and, what is far

More great, his growing Glories of the War,

That he his passion onely might relate,

And from my lips might bear his doleful Fate.

Sure, to return some love for love so great,

Is not to give a gift, but pay a Debt.

[*Exeunt*

Enter Dauphin, and de Chastel.

Dauph. Oh Friend, if I had kill'd him in that fight,

My Glory I had rais'd to such a height,

That, maugre all my Motheas arts and hate,

I had restor'd, and I had rul'd the State.

All their successes had with him been dead ;

For he's his Army's Soul as well as head.

Why did my Stars so fair a hope afford,

(Leaving, O *France* ! thy Fortune to my Sword)

Yet not to kill or perish by my Foe ;

But both my Life and Sword I to him owe ?

De Chast. Your mind, Sir, is too great to feel despair,
For one ill chance in Duel, or in War.

Dauph. To be o'rcome would be the greatest curse,
If to out-live that Fate were not a worse.

The first, perhaps, was Fortune's fault alone ;

But, Friend, the last too clearly is my own.

De Chast. If of that stain your heart has such a sense,
Let's wash it off in's blood ere he goe hence.

Dauph. Should the first act of life which he did give,
Meanly the giver of his life deprive ?

Because blind Fortune guilty is to me,

Shall I, to my own self, more guilty be ?

No, my *de Chastel* ; though he be my Foe,

Yet he hath still most gen'rously been so ;

And by no acts of mine he ne'r shall die,

Unless by such as rais'd him up so high.

De Chast. Let me then, single, your revenge pursue.

Dauph. Who to a Crime consents, does act it too.

If it were fit, the act it self I'd do :

And what's unfit shall not be done by you.

De Chast. I hope, Sir, then the Treaty I begun,
Will put you in so high a posture soon,

That

That the disgrace, which but a few now sees,
Shall in the eyes of crowds of Witnesses
Be so wash'd off, as shall your sorrow cure.

Dauph. Thy hope's uncertain, my disgrace is sure.
But what of good is meant for me by Fate,
Thou ought'st to hasten, or 'twill come too late.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Warwick, and Tudor disguis'd.

Warw. *Blamount* desir'd us to expect him here.

Tudor. The King did never shew us how to fear,
Else we should tremble now at *Blamount's* stay.

Warw. Would Love had led the King a safer way.
Kings, in whose chances Nations fall or rise,
Hazard too much in private Gallantries;
The odds against them checks their luck and skill.

Tudor. 'Tis true, but Love's great Gamesters reckon still
(Whilst boldly they the stake that's fairest chuse)
What they may win, and not what they may lose.

Enter Blamount.

Blam. The King hath sent for you, I'll bring you streight
Where he is safe out of the reach of Fate.
You must to Horse. I'll tell you what has past.

Tudor. You free us from a pain too great to last. [Exeunt.]

Enter Princess Katharine, and Princess Ann.

Prin. Kat. My fear did then my reason overthrow;
I could scarce think, much less know what to do.

Prin. An. Why did you not by positive commands,
Restrain at least the King of England's hands?

Prin. Kat. Should I so much my Brother's safety prize,
As to procure it by mean remedies?
Ah! since 'twas only Love brought *Henry* here,
Should I have made his Love his Murderer?
The *Dauphin* to the King injurious was:
Heav'n would not let those wrongs unpunish'd pass.

Prin. An. His wrongs more than your own your anger move.

Prin. Kat. That's what I owe my Virtue, not his Love.

Prin. An. I doubt the *Dauphin* some rash thing will do.

Prin. Kat. *La Marr* was to attend our interview;
Who did, corrupted by *De Chastel*, bring
The *Dauphin* to observe me with the King.
I from the terrour of their Fight did flee,
And met her, who, to save her Treachery,
(Having a full command of all the keys)
Dispos'd their passage forth by sev'ral ways.
Blamount, with all the Friends that he could get,
I have engag'd to second his retreat.
I hope my care in that will happy prove.

Prin. An. Where there is so much care, there is some Love.

H

PRIN.

Prin. Kat. I know not whether it be love or no,
But such great things he did both say and do.
That I, dear Friend, insensibly am led
To think that may be true which now you sed.
Who can, when such a Victor will advance,
Resist that Virtue which does conquer *France*?

Prin. An. The proof he lately gave you of his flame,
Madam, is such as is above a name.

All trodden ways in Love he does despise,
As things below his passion and your Eyes.

Prin. Kat. Condemn not then my being in some pain,
Till I assurance of his safety gain:
Which blessing that I may the sooner know,
This proof of Friendship mine does beg of you,
That we dividedly our selves concern,
Which of us first the welcome news shall learn,

Prin. An. I'll still obey what ever you command,
And, what I hear, you straight shall understand.

Prin. Kat. May Heav'n so guide the King, that I may hear
He is beyond the prospect of my fear. [Exit.

THE FOURTH ACT.

The Curtain being drawn up.

The Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Earl of Charaloy, and the Bishop of Arras are seen sitting at one side of a Table, attended by the French Officers of State; on the other side, are seated the Duke of Exeter, Duke of Bedford, the Arch-bishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Warwick, attended by the English.

Burg. Since all, my Lords, is done by us and you,
Which is, as previous to a Treaty, due;
Delays in the affair should be abhor'd;
Those impious are when peace may be restor'd:
Therefore, my Lords, 'twere fit you would express
On what conditions you will grant a peace.

Ext. Those who our right and strength well understand,
Need not be told that we all *France* demand.

Const. You would by meer demand a question make;
No Treaty gives all that success can take.
This high resolve does more become the Field:
'Tis nobler all to lose, than all to yield.

Bedf. And you'll confess it is more nobly done,
By Arms than Treaty to regain a Throne;
But yet my Brother thought a Treaty good,
That his *French* Subjects might preserve their blood.

Arch-Bish. That King proves well the justice of his claim,
Who, for his Subjects sakes, is deaf to Fame.

E. of Char.

E. of Char. Had we no Plea but what prescription gives,
There were enough whilst any *French-man* lives.

Warw. In pleading so, my Lords, your selves you wrong;
That can no Title be but to the strong.
For what can a protective aid afford
Against the clearest Right and sharpest Sword?

Bish. of Ar. From what pretence foe'er a claim you draw,
France knows no right above her *Salique Law*:
A Law which is both rational, and old;
It never was by time or force controll'd.

Exet. You but imperfectly your story know;
Or speaking thus, you hope that we do so.
That Law (if made) was past on *Sala's Banks*,
And was not made for *France*, but for the *Franks*;
A *German* People, who in Camps were bred,
And therefore still renounc'd a Female Head.

Bedf. A Law, which onely from arm'd Tumults rose,
And which Heav'n's Law and Nature's does oppose.
My Lord of *Canterbury*, 'tis in you
To speak how *France* we challenge as our due.

Arch-Bish. Philip the Fourth, as your own stories tell,
Had *Lewis, Philip, Charles, and Isabel*;
Edward the Second did his Daughter wed;
His Sons did all to the *French Crown* succeed.
Who, no Sons leaving, *Philip*, the Uncle's Son,
Did from the Father's Daughter take the Crown;
And kept it during injur'd *Edward's* life;
To whom 'twas due in justice by his Wife.
That *Edward* dead, *Edward* the Third his Son,
Did, in his Mother's right, demand his Crown.
Cressy and *Poitiers* to the World declare,
How Heav'n esteem'd his Sword in that just War;
Death, Nature's Conqueror, did him subdue;
And his great Son, the greater of the two,
Soon after, Civil Wars our Isle destroy'd:
Our Swords against our selves were long employ'd;
Whilst sick with Civil War, Prides worst disease,
We bled in *France*, and lost three Provinces.
But, now when those intestine Wars are done,
We come here to receive, or take our own.

Bedf. You boast your *Salique Law*, so just and old,
That it by time or force was ne'r controll'd.
But tell, I pray, what part of it decreed,
That *Matel* should King *Childerick* succeed?
Or how it could, if not by wrested shift,
Make *Capet* Successor to *Lewis* the Fifth,
When *Charles* of *Lorraine* should have fill'd the place;
The first Heir Male left of your Royal Race?

Exet. 'Tis true, the States of *France*, by their decree,
Did call King *Capet* to the Monarchie,

Who

Who wisely then did Royal Int'rest save,
 Making them think that what they paid, they gave:
 For so to his just right they joyn'd their pow'r,
 By which he vanquish'd his Competitor.
 Thus when by Arms the Salique Law was tri'd,
 Heav'n judg'd the Title to the Female side:
 For the chief right which *Capet* had to plead,
 Was, that he did King *Lewis* Sister wed.

Arch-Bish. From this great *Capet*, who that Law repeal'd,
 All your succeeding Kings their Crowns have held.
 By which, my Lords, we think we clearly show,
 If then his claim was good, ours now is so.

Warw. Or, if you grant, the States by their decree
 Can give to whom they will this Monarchy,
 If you their pow'r so highly will advance,
 We need but conquer to have right to *France*.

Burg. Since you, my Lords, so prie into our right,
 How comes your Red-rose now to rule your White?
 Blame not what *France* to that Duke *Charles* hath done,
 When a *Lancastrian* Head does wear your Crown.
 What by both sides may equally be sed,
 That neither, as his proper right, can plead.
 But if your Roses Heav'n should e'er unite,
 Then you may challenge *France* with better right,
 None of the present Line we will admit;
 The House of *York* can onely plead for it.

Exet. All of that House allow my Nephews Right;
 And, under him, they for this Empire fight.
 If Fate should them to *England's* Throne advance,
 They shall possess, with it, the Throne of *France*:
 By them as Subjects he is serv'd and fear'd.

Burg. When they are Kings again they shall be heard.
 My Lords, that all this vain discourse may cease,
 What say you, if, t'advance you to a peace,
 We give your King the Princess *Katherine*,
 And with her such vast Treasure we assign,
 As may for ever all your Title buy
 To *Anjou*, *Aquitain*, and *Normandy*?

Bedf. How came such abject offers in your thought?
 One ought not to be sold, nor th'other bought.

Burg. Then know, my Lords, the War you must pursue;
 The Sword must end what Treaty could nor do.

[*He rises, and the rest after him.*

Exet. 'Tis to the Sword we must have our recourse!
 Where right's deny'd, 'tis justice to use force.

Bedf. *Pippen* and *Capet* such sharp Swords did draw,
 As twice repeal'd this Pagan-Salique-Law.

My Brother then my charge is as your crime;
 If he presume to do it the third time,
 His Sword you'll quickly feel as sharp as theirs;
 Since force must plead the right of Female-heirs.

[*Salutes the English Lords.*

My Lords, farewell! we cannot here agree!
 But they'll begin th'ensuing War at Sea.
 Their Fleet's prepar'd; and, by this morning Post,
 Our Navy too does call me to the Coast.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen and Countess of La Marr.

La Marr. So far this Treaty has already gone,
 That the *Burgundian* did assure your Son,
 The *English* Treaty never should succeed;
 Which with the *Dauphin's* passion so agreed,
 As he has offer'd him to share all *France*,
 And to forget the death of *Orleanse*.
 This, Madam, but too clearly lets you see,
 They mean to force you from the Regency:
 Which the false Duke soon after will enjoy:
 First he'll divide, and then your House destroy.

Queen. This service, my *La Marr*, is far above
 All presents I can make you, but my love.
 I thought *De Chastel* had so fierce a mind,
 As he to love could never have inclin'd;
 But in that thought I find I injure you:
 This conquest onely to your Eyes is due.

La Marr. Madam, 'twas onely Love which could have prest
 This fatal secret from *De Chastel's* breast.
 Nor would I e'er to him have faithless been,
 But to save *France*, and to preserve my Queen.

Queen. Thy Queen half lost, thy friendship does restore;
 And yet thy friendship must oblige her more——

*Enter Burgundy and Constable. The Queen casts
 her eyes on Burgundy.*

That haughty *Burgundy* shall shortly mourn——
 Kind Cousin! you have made a quick return——

Burg. The Dukes of *Bedford* and of *Exeter*,
 Joyn'd with their talking Bishop, did appear
 So much averse to all that we could speak,
 As we in duty did the Treaty break;
 Duty to you. We offer'd all you sent,
 But onely *France* can give their pride content.

Queen. Since these bold Foes take pleasure to make War,
(Proud that they dare do worse than others dare,
And prouder with success) let us provide
T'advance our merit, and debase their pride.

Burg. Madam, in this just cause I shall afford
Th'assistance of my Counsel, and my Sword.

Queen. It is on those my chief dependance lies:
For you, my Lord, both pow'rful are and wise.
Prepare for Action, and let Treaties cease:
The wise may lose by War, fools lose by Peace.

Burg. The better to obey what you desire,
Excuse me, Madam, if I now retire.

[Exit]

Queen. He being gone, my Lords, I'll let you know,
What France and I do to this Lady owe.
The Duke has broke the English Treaty now,
That to the Dauphin he may keep his vow.
And false de Chastel made 'em both agree
Out of my hands to force the Regency.
And then between themselves they are to share
The high Employments both of Peace and War.

Const. This Duke does all my faculties amaze:
Yet still he lov'd to walk in crooked ways.

Queen. They all shall sink, and their own ruine find
Within that depth which they for me design'd.
My Secretary Perrot understands
The Art of counterfeiting Seals and Hands:
I'll make him strait write to the English King,
As from the Duke, proposing every thing
Which false de Chastel offer'd from my Son;
Yet when all promis'd by the King is done,
Though less than what my Son did e'er propose,
Him he'll forsake, and with the English close.
La Marr shall entertain de Chastel so,
As of the Duke he may suspicious grow.

La Marr. Some doubts which seem perplex'd I will unfold;
I'll say, He with the King does Treaty hold.

Queen. Which can no other way be brought to light,
But by those Letters ta'en which he may write:
These Letters shall, though forg'd, authentick seem;
And must be intercepted too by him.

La Marr. This will between them raise a jealousy.

Const. And when that seed is sown, 'twill never die.
The Dauphin's Soul I never understood,
If he revenge not this affront with blood.

Queen. My Lord, withdraw, and write with instant care

[Exit Constable.]

The Letter for Du Perrot: you, *La Marr*,
Shall sooth de Chastel with your former Art,
And subtly play your self in all your part.

[Exit La Marr.]

Great

Great troubles to a Throne the way prepare;
 And greater troubles must preserve us there.
 Yet the Ambitious envy those who Reign:
 They know the pomp of Crowns, but not the pain. [Exit]

The Princess Katherine, meeting the Princess Anne.

Prin. Kat. Madam, what News?

Prin. An. The worst that I could bring:
 They have dissolv'd the Treaty with the King.
 Peace is quite fled, which did before but hide
 Her chearful face. The Sword must all decide:
 Thou forward hope, Wars voice has call'd thee back!

Prin. Kat. I ne'er could think suspense was such a rack.

Prin. An. Suspence, in any thing, a pain does prove;
 But turns a torment when 'tis mix'd with Love.

Enter La Marr in haste.

La Marr. Madam, I doubt the Queen and Duke have heard
 Of that disguise in which the King appear'd.
 The busie whisp'ers run from place to place;
 And fear, or news is seen in every face.
 Small parties meet; then to a throng they grow,
 As Clouds unite before a storm does blow.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Madam, I left the *Dauphin* with the Queen;
 They have this morning in a Tempest been:
 Their meeting was both violent and short:
 Your Brother instantly will leave the Court.
 He said he would no longer vainly strive,
 But boldly take what some deny to give.
 Safely the Duke th'event of this attends,
 And his Apartment fills with Guards and Friends.

Enter Earl Chareloys.

E. of Char. Madam, just now I from the *Dauphin* came;
 His Friends are kindled with his anger's flame.
 He is to sudden execution bent:
 To Deeds so swift, as hee'll too late repent.
 He puts on wings for what he will pursue;
 And says my Father does usurp his due:
 And fierce *De Chastel* too (which all admire)
 Against his Nature strives to quench this fire.

Enter French Lady.

Lady. Madam, you are expected by the Queen.

Prin. Kat. This storm will fall as soon as it is seen:
 My Lord, I'll strive to make the Queen apply
 To this distemper a quick remedy.

Charl. I'll still near my suspicious Father stay:
 Too much suspicion does it self betray.

Prin. An.

Prin. An. Brother, I'll follow ! Madam, we in vain
In storms of Love of other storms complain.
Love's Queen did rise from the tempestuous Sea ;
Which shews, that Love in storms must ever be. [Exeunt.]

Enter Tudor.

Tudor. By what the King related I may see
The Princess is for ever lost to me.
'Tis evident she has her love resign'd
To his great Title, and his greater Mind.
Why should I thus, what she has done, deplore ?
She did but that which I had done before.
But, Fate, thou art unjust in making me
To quit the love, yet keep the jealousy :
Which is of Love's fair Tree the foulest Fruit ;
A Branch, whose nourishment offends the Root.
Shall jealousy a pow'r o'er judgment gain,
Though it does onely in the fancy reign ?
With knowledge thou art inconsistent still ;
The mind's foul Monster, whom fair truth does kill.
Thy tyranny subverts even Nature's Laws ;
For oft thou hast effects without a cause.
And, which thy strength or weakness does detect,
Thou often hast a cause without effect.
In all thou dost, thou ever dost amiss,
Seest what is not, or seest not that which is.
Whilst thou dost live, sickness does thee pursue ;
And he who cures thee, needs must kill thee too.

Enter King.

King. *Tudor !* you must not think my friendship rude,
Though it pursue you to your solitude.
Some fatal sorrow has your heart oppress'd :
Divide it, and send half into my breast.

Tudor. What is it can invade me in excess,
But joy, whilst I your favour, Sir, possess ?

King. If my warm favour has your blessing made,
Why leave you then that Sun to seek this shade ?

Tudor. Sir, from your bounties I retire, to show,
I would prevent th'increase of what I owe.
I study here to pay my former score ;
And I avoid the making of it more.

King. *Tudor,* I no such answer will admit ;
I must be paid with truth, and not with wit.
The truth of Friendship has forsook the Earth ;
Thou dost dissemble thy accusom'd mirth.
A sudden sigh does thy vain smiles detect :
Nature betrays more Art than I suspect.

Tudor.

Tudor. Let me not, Sir, be for that shape despis'd,
In which I am, ev'n to myself disguis'd.

King. Friendship above all ties does bind the heart;
And faith in Friendship is the noblest part.
'Tis ill, unaskt, not to have told your pain;
But worse, when ask'd, if you excuses feign.
Farewell, frail man; our Friendship here must end.
You wrong your Honour, when you wrong a Friend.

Tudor. Stay, Sir, and to your virtue I'll unfold
The saddest story that was ever told.

King. Why with thy King should there such trifling be;
With Friendship too, which Sacred is as he?

Tudor. My grief is yet close pris'ner in my breast;
Whilst there confin'd, 'twill onely me molest;
But may disquiet you, when got from home;
Complaints, when past relief, grow troublesome.

King. That grief does far all other griefs transcend,
Which greater grows when trusted to a Friend.

Friendship in noble hearts would never reign,
If Friendship's duty should be Friendship's pain.

For ease of sorrow Friends from Heaven were sent.

Tudor. dispatch, and try th' experiment.

Tudor. Why should you press me, Sir? it will not out —

King. Those fear their cure who their Physicians doubt,

Tudor. Force me not, Sir, to tell you what can be
No ease to you, and yet a rack to me.

King. Tell it, May!

Tudor. I'll tell it though I die —
I am in Love.

King. In love? and so am I.

Is this the strangest story e'er was known?

Tudor. Pray Heav'n you think not so ere it be done!

King. Proceed.

Tudor. She, Sir, who does my heart subdue,
Is by my Friend ador'd with passion too:

And, which is worse, his passion he did tell

To me, ere mine I durst to him reveal.

And, worse yet, that Friend does me employ

To assist his Love, whilst I mine own destroy.

I lose my Mistress if I condescend

To this, not doing it, I lose my Friend.

But, which is worst of all, I'll not deny,

He does deserve her so much more than I.

That should she, for my sake, make him despair,

She must be more unjust than she is fair.

And whilst she does admit of my address,

The wrong I do destroys my happiness.

King. 'Tis difficult. What hast thou fix'd upon?

Tudor. What I thought just, I have already done.

K

King. Why

King. Why then is so much time in sorrow spent?
For what is justly done, canst thou repent?

Tudor. In what I did, such justice I have shown,
That I would do't again, were it undone.
But, Sir, I cannot yet that grief remove,
Which springs from Friendship contests with from Love.
As after storms the Sea does troubled show,
Though the fierce Winds, which mov'd it, cease to blow.

King. No wonder grief's wild Sea so high is wrought,
Since in your breast Friendship and Love have fought;
But tell me now thy Friends and Mistris name,
For whom your self you nobly overcame.
He who you think deserves much more than you,
I must conclude deserves my Friendship too.

Tudor. Oh, Sir! in that your pardon I implore:
Too much is said; force me to say no more.

King. *Tudor,* That man must high in merit be,
For whom you'll do more than you'll trust with me. [*Tud. kneels.*]

Tudor. Forgive me, Sir, if more I dare not say:
Let me in silence mourn my life away.

King. Rise, but no more I thee my Friend will call:
For he's no Friend, if not a Friend in all.
In part thou shew'st me what I whole would see;
A half Friend's worse than a whole Enemy.
Thy silence by a stricter way I'll break,
By thy Allegiance I command thee speak!

Tudor. O do not think my Soul is sunk so low,
That ought can act what Friendship could not do.

King. Thy want of it, this passion from me draws:
Excuse th' effects of which thou art the cause.

No longer, *Tudor*, at this rate contend. [*Embraces him.*]
With him who is thy King, and more, thy Friend.

Tudor. The charming name of Friend will make me speak,
When even my King could not my silence break.
You are that Friend whose name I would conceal;
Who is the Mistris then I need not tell.

She too did this revealment, Sir, constrain;
What but my pain could have disclos'd my pain?

King. Oh why so late dost thou this truth avow?

Tudor. I fear too early I have told it now.

King. Thus to have us'd thy Friendship breeds a pain,
Which nothing can transcend but her disdain.

Tudor. But had I told it sooner, Sir, to you,
Could you have then done more than you can now?
Since all I ask, for what you make me say,
Is but your pardon that I durst obey.

King. My ignorance alone has made me do,
What Love it self could not have forc'd me too.

Tudor. Though, Sir, the Charms of Lovers hopes are sweet,
Yet mine I freely prostrate at your feet,

King. My

King. My Rival thus in Love thou shun'st to be,
Yet thus in Honour dost out-rival me.

I to no Monarch e'er that glory gave;
Much less my Subject shall that glory have.

If, *Tudor*, you would now suppress your flame,
To shew your Friendship, or exalt your fame,
That act on neither score I will allow;

For I'm in both as much concern'd as you:

So greatly; *Tudor*, thou hast done for me,

As nought can pay it but the same for thee.

Tudor. I cannot, Sir, imagine your design.

King. To be your Advocate, as you were mine,
And give you leave your passion to pursue.

And, which is more, I do command you too.

Tudor. Forgive me, if this offer I refuse.

King. Resolve to take it, or thy King to lose.

Tudor. Then I'll embrace it, and dispute no more.

And give me leave a pardon to implore

From all the better world; who lovers are,

From all who shall be so, and all that were;

That I against them did so guilty prove,

As to consider ought in Love, but Love.

King. *Tudor*, this gallantry obliges more,

Than all thy pleading for me did before.

But, if I ever can attend again,

That Sov'reign Beauty which does o'er us reign,

I'll give her then such characters of thee,

As shall out-speak what thou hast said of me.

We then will be each others Advocate;

And from her Sentence each receive his Fate.

Tudor. Though this is more than I could hope, yet still

That which revives my hopes, my hopes does kill.

For when, describing me, you please to add

All that you think is likely to persuade;

Even that a surer way will rather prove

To shew your Virtue, than advance my Love.

King. Fear not, you may succeed; though drawing you,

I shall but copy what for me you drew.

Tudor. Yet those will find, who justly ballance things,

I onely Subjects taught, but you teach Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE FIFTH ACT.

Enter the King, the Duke of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford, and Tudor.

King. O Ur good successes come together still;
And, as the good concurs, so do the ill.

I have observ'd it, Uncle, have not you?

Exet. 'Tis, Sir, as worthy notice, as 'tis true,

King. This seems, me-thinks, to accuse their ignorance,
Who attribute our great events to chance;
For though it may, when slowly one event
Follows another, look like accident:
Yet when together many swiftly join,
It shews a power which rules us by design;
Whilst we succeed at Land, to Heav'n we owe
The Triumph of a Naval Overthrow.
Brother, your tongue may claim the right alone;
To tell what Heav'n by your brave hand has done.

Bedf. But little fame, where many Conquerours were,
Could justly fall to any single Star;
When we had sail'd your Fleet in sight of France,
From the *Seine's* mouth the *French* did first advance:
Their number pleas'd us whom it meant to fight;
We joy'd at any thing that made them fight;
But whilst to gain the Wind both Navies fled,
Both, to the Southward, a third Fleet descried
Whose course, by bearing, to our Fleet was bent:
We thought to them, they fear'd to us, 'twas sent:
When drawing near us, 'twas perceiv'd by all,
Their Flags displai'd the Arms of *Portugal*.
That prosperous King, your Kinsman and your Friend,
His Royal Navy to your aid did send,
Hearing the *French* had rigg'd a numerous Fleet.

King. This shews his Friendship, like his Virtues great;
I am oblig'd, and more I could not be,
Than by a Debt, great as your Victory.

Bedf. The valiant *Bourbon*, Admiral of France,
Shrunk not at this, but swifter did advance.
That shout with which we did their Navy greet,
Th'affrighted shore did Echo to their Fleet.
At the first shock, some Ships we sunk and burn'd;
Our Order soon was to a Chaos turn'd.
The *Portugals* still like the *English* fought;
Envyng our valour, or else by it taught.
A Hot and Deeds were worthy in that fight,
Though not, Sir, of your hands, yet of your sight.

But

But what the *French* perform'd worthy your praise,
 Serv'd but the more your Glory, Sir, to raise.
 For your resitless Genius there did reign,
 And made us gather Laurels on the Main :
 As prosp'rous Stars, though absent to the sense,
 Bless those they shine for by their influence.
 Five hundred Ships were sunk or taken there,
 Whose Flags seem Wreaths for you, the Conquerour.

King. This high success at Sea, which Heav'n has sent,
 Has made me Master of that Element,
 When Monarchs have at Land a Battel lost,
 It may, to raise new Troops, some Treasure cost ;
 But to repair lost Fleets, is not so cheap ;
 Woods are a Crop which men but once can reap.
 That Prince, whose Flags are bow'd to on the Seas,
 Of all Kings Shores keeps in his hand the Keys :
 No King can him, he may all Kings invade ;
 And on his Will depends their Peace and Trade.
 Trade, which does Kings and Subjects wealth increase ;
 Trade, which more necessary is than Peace.

Exet. If the Worlds Trade may to our hand be brought,
 Though purchas'd by a War, 'tis cheaply bought.

Tudor. He who an Island rules, and not the Sea,
 Is not a King, and may a Pris'ner be.

Bedf. In this Victorious Fleet, your Parliament
 Have such supplies of Men and Treasure sent,
 That *France* will now in humble posture seek
 The Treaty, which her former Pride did break.

King. Those Royal Limbs will not their Head forsake ;
 My Glory they their own kind Int'rest make,
 Their Love does with their Duty nobly strive ;
 And giving thus, unaskt, they doubly give—
 Oh *Tudor* ! though my Sword at Land and Sea
 Does conquer others, Love does conquer me.
 Whilst under his resitless pow'r I groan,
 Fate cannot make me joyful with a Crown.

Tudor. May still the greatness of your Fame increase ;
 And, for your quiet, may your Love grow less.

Enter Warwick.

Warm. From the *French* Court, Count *Blampunt*, Sir, is sent,
 And newly is alighted at your Tent.

King. Admit him, but he soon may hasten home,
 If from the false *Burgundian* he is come. [*Exit Warwick*]
 A Prince worthy of nothing but of hate ;
 Early in promise, in performance late.
 He cheaply rates my Honour with his own ;
 And meanly thinks that I would sell a Crown.
 In wronging his high Birth he injures me,
 And gives my Sword a right to *Burgundy*.

L

Enter

Enter Warwick, Blamont, Chareloys disguis'd.

Blam. If a surprizing wonder may be news,
Such as does joy and horror too infuse,
I bring it, Sir: for he, whose Head and Sword
Made War and Peace the Creatures of his word;
The Great *Burgundian*, who in *France* did reign,
Is, by appointment of the *Dauphin*, slain.

King. Heaven's hand is sure, though it the stroke defer.

Blam. The face of *France* does full of change appear.

King. This murder sudden was; but what late crime
Could urge the *Dauphin* thus to murder him?

Blam. The Duke (who said, Treaties would ne'er advance
That Peace with you which was desir'd by *France*)
Did therefore for the *Dauphin's* friendship sue.

Lyon appointed was for interview;

To which the Duke did instantly repair,
There to resolve how to contrive the War.

The *Dauphin* met at the appointed time;
But, whilst the Duke humbly saluted him,
De Chastel, unprovok'd by deed or word,
In the Duke's heart did sheath his guilty Sword:

And then the *Dauphin* publicly did own,
That this strange act by his command was done;
And said it was a justice due to *France*,
Because the Duke had murder'd *Orleance*.

King. Through what false Opticks do mens passions look?
In this wild justice he out-fin'd the Duke.

Blam. *De Chastel* talk'd (though few did credit it)
Of Letters taken which the Duke had writ;
Th'express confest that they to you were meant,
In which he offer'd, (if you would consent
To what he there, Sir, did propose to you)
He would unthroned the King and *Dauphin* too.

King. I by the Duke have been so courty us'd,
That what he had propos'd I had refus'd.
Will not the Son revenge the Father's fall?

[*Chareloys pulls off his disguise.*

Charl. Yes, Sir, and does for your assistance call,
The blood of Sov'reign Princes basely spilt,
Calls loud to Monarchs to revenge the Guilt.
My reason, not my passion, makes me flee
From a false Friend to a brave Enemy.
If you'll revenge high blood, ignobly shed,
The Crown of *France* I'll settle on your head.
And, when you wed the Princess *Katherine*,
The States shall then Entail it on your Line.
Of those, most are my Friends and my Allies;
And they are all so Noble, and so Wise,
That with one voice, they will aloud disdain
The proud injustice of a murderers reign.

King. Your

King. Your Father's faults I'll cast into his Grave;
And will revenge that blood I could not save.
And since you are so generous and just,
That, without Treaty, you my honour trust;
You shall, Sir, on a King's unblemish'd word,
Enjoy my Friendship, and engage my Sword.

Char. Where faith is wanting, this would satisfy;
On which, as on Truth's Pillar, I rely.

King. Th'example of your worth will make a Friend:
But what, Sir, does the *Dauphin* now intend?

Char. This fatal Murther, Sir, he did design,
Just when the Queen, the Princess *Katherine*,
My Sister *Anne*, and I, (t'avoid the heat
And noise of *Paris*) did to *Meaux* retreat:
Some Troops to seize on us he hither sent:
One of their Leaders (as to *Meaux* they went,
Being my private Friend) did, by a Post,
Tell me, unless we fled, we all were lost:
And that we should not then tow'rds *Paris* flie;
For on that Road some other Troops did lie,
To intercept us if we thither fled.

King. This root of mischief soon will shoot and spread.

Char. At this I found the Queens amazement great:
For being now cut off for her retreat,
Her wisdom could not teach her what to do;
I then propos'd we all should flie to you,
As the securest way to scape his rage;
And so our virtue by our trust engage;
Virtue so known, as would her fears controul.

King. Trust is the strongest Bond upon the Soul:
That Sacred Tie has Virtue oft begot;
It binds where 'tis, and makes it where 'twas not.

Char. I said she might, to break her Sons design,
Give you for Bride the Princess *Katherine*:
And urge th'Estates t'Entail the Crown on you:
This to your right, that to your love is due.
This done, what could resist your Arms and mine?
As she consider'd how she should incline,
Clermout came in, disguis'd, in whose known care
Her Wealth and Jewels lay; who did declare,
Her Treasure was surpriz'd, by some, who said,
That they the *Dauphin* in that act obey'd;
Who would employ that wealth, vilely procur'd,
So as that *France* should have her peace assur'd.

King. The *Dauphin*, in his rage or want, has done
What was below him as a Prince or Son.

Char. Though she this wrong and loss did calmly bear,
Yet the high dictates of Revenge and Fear
Made her resolve immediately to do
What I with reason first advis'd her to.

And

And now at *Troy*, the Queen and Princess are;
To which the *Dauphin* will transport the War.
A Garrison of mine secures that Town,
And since 'tis mine, you know it is your own:

King. 'Tis chiefly to your favour I must owe
My being blest in Love and Conquest too.

Char. 'Twere fit, Sir, that you sent some Troops of Horse,
The Garrison of *Troy* to re-inforce.

King. I'll lead them, Sir, my self; all that are mine
In *France*, are but the Guards of *Katherine*:
My duty else she might in question bring.

Char. 'Tis spoken like a Lover and a King.
Blamont I'll send before, that she may know
What Honour to her you intend to do. [Exit *Blamont*]
When you to *Troy* are come, it shall appear,
I will perform more than I promis'd here.

King. You may augment my debt, as you think fit,
But nothing can increase my sense of it,
Unless your favour, Sir, I could incline
To make my Brother's joys keep time with mine:
His Love to Princess *Anne* wants your consent.

Char. She made me in their Loves her Confidant:
And in your Brother I shall think her blest.

King. This, Sir, unites our Bloods and Interest.
Bedf. This grant (great Prince) my happiness secures.

King. It makes my happiness as much as yours.
Now, *Tudor*, if your prosperous Stars design,
That we shall both see beauteous *Katherine*,
I will perform all that I promis'd thee;
And when thy story she has heard from me,
(In which by all her truth I'll do thee right)
We then our Supplications will unite,
That she (our Judge) will onely him prefer
Whom she believes is least unworthy her:
Without regarding, in the cause we bring,
That thou my Subject art, and I thy King.

Tudor. In virtue, Sir, much you so me outline,
That you all other Motives may decline.

King. Brother, 'tis fit the Duke, with you and *Lance*,
Should on the Princess wait immediately.

Tudor's Brigade the Princess Guard shall be;
And with the Army you must follow me. [Exeunt]

Enter Queen, Princess *Katherine*, Princess *Anne*,
Countess *La Mar*

Queen. Our sins make us defenceless, and we fly
For our protection to our Enemy,
Thy Laws, Oh Heav'n! have I offended so,
That thou hast made my Son my greatest Foe

Into the World I have the Monster brought ;
And now no sufferings can transcend that fault.

Prin. Kat. Madam, you make, whilst thus you bear his crime,
Our grief more just for you than yours for him.

La Mar. If he should hear you grieve in this excess,
The triumph of his malice would increase.

Prin. An. My duty has th' assault of grief withstood ;
For since his fury shed my Father's blood,
That wasted time which you employ to grieve,
I, to design'd revenge, more justly give :
Let all your sorrow in such thoughts expire.

Queen. Grief is the fuel, and Revenge the fire.

Prin. An. Think then on all the crimes which he has done,
And let those thoughts cancel the name of Son.

Queen. Since fallen so low from what is great or good,
I hate his crimes more than I love his blood.

Enter Blamont.

Blam. Madam, my duty has provok'd my speed :
The King and Duke most strictly are agreed ;
And both this night will wait upon you here.

Queen. This happy news suppresses all my fear,
And makes me hope, assisted by their Fate,
That I shall live to punish what I hate.

Blam. Those Troops, now on their march, he does design
As Guards t' attend the Princess Katherine :
And therefore would not send, but leads them here,
That his respect and love may both appear.

Queen. We were, when to this Monarch we did trust,
Kind to our selves, and to his Virtue just.

Blamont, for this reception streight prepare
All that can joy and our respect declare.
Daughter, you must a while retire with me ;
I have some words which need your privacy.

[*Exeunt :*

Enter Constable, and Bishop of Arras.

Arras. Our Ecclesiastick States are all agreed,
This day the Dauphin for his bloody deed,
Will summon'd be to answer what was done.

Const. I have the Peers to that conclusion won ;
And those who represent the Commons too,
Will now not slowly yield to what we do.
I'll lose my judgment if he dares appear.

Arras. He loses his, and life, in coming here ;
This murder has incens'd them to the heighth.

Const. All hate a Prince who violates his Faith,
These peoples tempers do occasion give
T' obey those orders we did now receive :
I find already that the most incline
The King should marry Princess Katherine.

And on their Issue would the Crown Entail.

Arras. The *Dauphin's* crime will make that King prevail:

Const. Rather than bow beneath a Murd'ers pow'r,
Let's to the Throne advance our Conquerour:

The Queen and Duke expect it at your hands:

Arras. I never durst obey unjust commands:

Const. Do you then think that those commands are such?

Arras. If you think so, my Lord, you wrong me much:

My judgment by a better guide was led,

When I our Annals and Records had read:

For then I doubted, that since *Charles* the Fair,

Our Kings insensibly Usurpers were,

The Crown (if truth did dictate what I read)

Belong'd to the Victorious *Edward's* Head:

Which no prescription from his Line should take:

I'll therefore to this change no scruple make.

But if the *Dauphin* were the rightful Heir,

You might of my obedience then despair;

For Reason's Maxim I must ever own,

No King can make a forfeit of his Crown.

Much less can I admit the States Decree

Has power to give away his Monarchy.

Const. My justice shall, now I am taught by you,
Perform what I resolv'd revenge should do.

My Lord, let's go where all our Friends are met,

And jointly pay to Heaven this double debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Princess Katherine, Tudor.

King. Madam, I have injurious been to him,

As far as ignorance could make a crime:

I did employ him in my suit to you;

But knew not then, that he ador'd you too:

But I declare (which some amends may be)

That he at least in all things equals me,

Unless in Title; but 'tis greater far

A Crown to merit, than a Crown to wear.

Can Title in that Ballance e'er prevail,

Where Love is Merit, and you hold the Scale?

I wave what ever may your favour move,

Except the Title of the highest Love.

Speak for thy self if I have lessen'd thee.

Tudor. Onely my silence, Sir, should plead for me.

King. Thy Love, when I employ'd thee, was unknown:

I minded no man's sorrows but mine own;

Nor where so many shafts were shot in me

Could think, any before had wounded thee:

Tudor. All, Sir, that in my cause is said by you,

At once is for me, and against me too.

Howe'er, I'll rather speak, than quite despair;

Since she is just, and you my Rival are:

Yet

Yet, Sir, this difference to my case is due;
You speak for me, but I resign for you.

Prin. Kat. He who resigns his Love, though for his King,
Does, as he is a Lover, a low thing:
But as a Subject, a high crime does do;
Being at once, Subject and Rebel too:
For, whilst to Regal Pow'r he does submit,
He casts off Love, a greater pow'r than it.

Tudor. I fear you now are glad of a pretence,
To punish what you cannot recompence.
Else could you think Loves pow'r I do not know,
Because my Love all others does out-go?
If I by that seem guilty in your eye,
Oh happy guilt which raises Love so high!
For I but shew in what I now have done,
That I your Int'rest prize above my own.

Prin. Kat. But justly I admire how you can prove
So true to Friendship, and so false to Love:
Since in effect they both are but the same,
Onely the Sex gives them a different name.

Tudor. You Friendship tax for being too sublime,
And make its duty, even to Love, a crime.

Prin. Kat. Your King does give you a brave Rival's leave;
But you seem loath that license to receive:
Of these, which for my wonder is more fit;
The leave he gave, or your not using it?

Tudor. The Giver may such gifts as these esteem;
I can, but by refusing, merit them:
And, Madam, since 'tis evident, that you
Can never pay what to us both is due,
Why will you call that act in me a Crime,
By which we both may justice do to him?
Nor blame me that my Friendship's debt I paid,
By thus resigning what I never had.
Let me my death without reproaches crave.

Prin. Kat. At once you my disdain and pardon have:

Tudor. But why should you disdain that, which to you
Obedience shews, to him my Duty too?

Prin. Kat. It is a Duty he will not receive.

Tudor. But you, to love you, have deny'd me leave.

Prin. Kat. He who makes Love at a true Lover's height,
Does ne'er ask leave, but takes it as his right.

Tudor. Have you design'd, in what you'd have me do,
To make me lose my King and Mistress too?
In losing of the last I'm so accurst,
As you in pity let me keep the first.

Prin. Kat. I'd have you, Sir, in that which I intend,
Express that you did merit such a Friend:
I would have had you too, to let him see,
That you were not unworthy to love me.

But,

But, making such an ill retreat, you seem
 No more to merit bravely me or him.
 What greater thing or meaner could you do,
 Then dare at one to love and quit me too?
 I would have had you like your self appear,
 And not with Friendship's name disguise your fear;
 Nor tell him he to your respect does owe
 That which alone my justice does bestow.
 I would have had you nobly fall by it,
 And not thus meanly, uncompell'd, submit.

Tudor. Madam, with you no longer I'll contend;
 Since in the way we differ, not the end.
 Sir, though she thinks my condemnation fit;
 Yet, without sighs, I to her doom submit:
 For one joys loss, another joy secures:
 What loses me her favour, merits yours.

King. Whilst, *Tudor*, you for me your claim deny,
 I gain the Field, and you the Victory:
 Yours is the nobler, mine the happier share,
 I'm the oblig'd, but you th'oblig'd are.
 In leaving me, as worthy of your Friend,
 You to the utmost rate my worth commend,
 Whilst with that value I to him am brought,
 You shew a Friendship worthy to be sought.
 Be but my Friend, as you to him have been,
 Letting out Love to keep your Friendship in,
 And make forsaken Love contented seem,
 Then I'll your Friendship, Sir, like Love esteem.

*Enter Queen, Chareloys, Duke of Bedford, and
 Princess Anne.*

Queen. I'm come to tell you, Sir, that we have sign'd
 All that can *France* to your protection bind.
 The States have judg'd to banishment my Son:
 And, as we promis'd, have Entail'd the Crown.

Char. And, Sir, in all their names, one from each State,
 Attending both your Thrones, shall supplicate,
 That they in publick their Decree may give,
 Which onely from their justice you receive.

Queen. That publick form, Sir, may a little wait,
 Till we our Nuptial Rites shall celebrate;
 My thoughts are fully to my daughter known.

King. But from her self would I might know her own.

Prin. Kat. I of your Love shall too unworthy be,
 When I deny that it has conquer'd me.

King. He who the glory has to conquer you,
 Does, without War, more than the World subdue.

Bedf. Heav'n meant not you alone should happy be.
 Behold, Sir, what it has reserv'd for me.

Confirm'd by her, and by her Brother too.

Charl. The gift is perfect when allow'd by you.

King. I can but adde the Ceremonial part;
You had the substance when you had the heart.

Prin. An. I cannot add to what I gave before,
Unless in saying I could give no more.

Queen. Crowds of impatient Subjects wait within,
To see the Nuptials of the King and Queen:

The Sacred Prelate in the Temple stays,
And longs to mingle Myrtle with your Bays.

It were offensive to admit delay—

She, Sir, will follow, when I lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Dauphin.

Dauph. Revenge and Pride my reason have betray'd;
And both have rul'd, what both should have obey'd.

This Duke did with his life his sins resign,
Which, in his blood, are written down for mine.

Revenge! of all thy charms, Oh let me find

But one t'appease the Tempest of my mind.

Let none to the success of mischief trust;

I'll rather be unhappy than unjust.

Enter De Chastel hastily.

De Chast. You cannot your new Levies now employ
To storm or to besiege the Queen in *Troyé*.

Sir, to prevent our courage, and her fear,

The King of *England* is in person there.

The Bride's prepar'd, the King and Duke agreed;

The trembling States have treach'rously decreed,

During your Father's life the King shall be

Admitted to a boundless Regencie.

And, after his decease, their Law declares,

The Crown shall fall to *Henry* and his Heirs.

The Queen (to whom they vast Revenues give)

Will, quitting Power, rich and obscurely live.

Dauph. Can her revenge alone incline her to,
What right and nature could not make her do?

De Chast. Spend not that time in blaming what she does,
Which Fortune for a fair retreat allows.

The Duke of *Exeter*, with all his Horse,

Directly to your Camp now bends his course.

Th'Alarm of such a growing force so near,

Gave your new Troops a good excuse for fear.

O'ertake your time before it runs too far.

Sir, 'tis a granted Principle in War,

That Chiefs, not strong enough t'engage in fight,

Should still retire before the Foe's in fight.

Of all Wars tasks, the hardest is Retreat,

Where fear does our worst Foe, Disorder meet.

N

Retire,

Retire, Sir, lest men say, we proudly staid
Too long for those of whom we were afraid.

Dauph. Must the first Act which I design'd to do
Be foil'd, and e'er it is attempted too?

De Chast. Let not one look of Fortune cast you down:
She were not Fortune if she still did frown.
Such as do bravely't bear her scorns a while,
Are those on whom, at last, she most will smile.

Dauph. Raise then the Camp! Fortune, that leads the way
Of time's whole progress, can give us a day. [Exeunt.]

The Curtain falls.

*Two Herald's appear opposite to each other in the Balconies,
near the Stage.*

1. *Her, Herald!* What Summons have you to proclaim?
Whom would you summon now, and in whose name?

2. All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. I am to summon those great Nations here.

2. And I must summon them to come before

Henry the Fifth, both King and Conqueror.

All that are *English*, all that are *French* appear!

1. Behold your King and Queen! behold! and hear!

You Prelates of the Church are summon'd all,
And ev'ry Member Ecclesiastical.

2. And every Noble too, and Commoner!

1. He that is *French* or *English*, and not here,
In person, or in publick Deputie,
Shall, though alive, in Law not living be.

2. *Henry* the Fifth is now to take the Crown
Of *France*, not as if giv'n him, but his own.

1. That Crown shall still descend to all his Line
As Heirs, or not as Heirs, of *Katherine*.

2. He that is *French*, or *English*, now attend!

1. Or else he is no *Liege-man*, nor no Friend.

The Curtain is drawn up.

The Curtain being lifted up, there appears the King, Princess Katherine, Queen Mother, Princess Anne, Chareloys, and all the English, and the French Nobility and Officers of State; and others according to their places.

Burg. The Deputies, sent by the Three Estates,
Wait for admittance at your Palace-gates.

King. My Lord, with all the publick forms of care,
Let all my Officers their way prepare.

[*All the officers design'd for that purpose, then
orderly go out.*]

If ought this day my blessings could abate,
 'Tis that they are ill husbanded by Fate.
 For, Madam, I am now too happy grown,
 By gaining in one day, you and a Throne.
 The first felicity I found so vast,
 As takes away my relish of the last.

Enter the distinct Trains of the Deputies from the Three Estates, the Kings Officers, and last of all the Three Deputies, the Bishop of Arras for the Ecclesiasticks, the Constable for the Peers, and Monsieur Cole-more for the People.

Bish. of Ar. Great King, th'Estates of France hath sent us Three,
 To pay their Duties in this just Decree :
 Fixing the Crown on you, and on that Line,
 Which Heav'n, in favour, shall to both design.
 Who knows what wonders such a Line may do,
 As is from Beauties drawn, and Conqu'rouns too?
 In which, Heav'n all those Princes will unite,
 Who to this Empire have, or claim, a right.
 We by the *Dauphin's* bloody deed did see,
 That he but falsely claim'd what he would be.
 For we admir'd, one born to fill his Throne,
 Could act his crime, and then that crime could own.
 But, searching our Records, we found at last,
 That a long error as a truth has past:
 For he who flies, now justice does advance,
 Is *Charles of Valois*, not the Son of France.
 From those Records, the Learned clearly tell
 Your antient Title by Queen *Isabel* ;
 By whom you to this Crown are lawful Heir :
 New Rights we grant not, but the old declare.
 This just Decree, in which they pay that debt,
 We humbly prostrate at your Royal Feet.
 I from the Clergy come, to whom is given
 The lasting pow'r of Legates sent from Heav'n :
 Their Pray'rs will make you conquer when you fight ;
 And, in their voice, Heav'n does allow you right.

Const. I from the Nobles come, who still are born
 To save their Monarchs, and their Courts adorn ;
 And still are certain of th'incessant care
 Of Palaces, and dangers of the War.
 They in their Sphere should still continue bright,
 Since they from Kings derive their borrow'd light.

Mounf. Cole. I from the people come, who always are
 The Hands, as Nobles are the Heads of War.
 And when the glorious toils of War shall cease,
 Their hands are no less useful, Sir, in Peace.

Bish. of Ar. And all the Three do with one voice confess,
 They in their duty find their happiness. [*They give the Parchment.*
King.

King. Th'Estates, I hope, my Lords, shall ne'er repent,
 What I receive, and they have freely sent,
English and *French* now but one People are :
 And both shall have my equal love and care.
 But *Charles* of *Valois* we shall soon destroy ;
 And, by his ruine, *France* shall peace enjoy.
 Since now 'gainst so much guilt we are to fight,
 We may depend on Conquest as our right.
 Our Swords should onely Miracles produce,
 Now we have joyn'd the *Cross* and *Flower de Luce*.
 'Twere sin the help of Fortune to implore
 To Crown that Head your hands have crown'd before.

[*Exennt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

Two New Tragedies.

2 7

THE
Black Prince,
AND
TRYPHON.

The first Acted at the
THEATER-ROYAL
BY HIS
MAJESTIES SERVANTS;

The Other.

By his Highness the Duke of York's Servants.

Both Written by the
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Earl of Orrery.

LONDON,
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